

Good Morning 767

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Speaking Likeness Calling A.B. Moss

CALLING A.B. Moss, of better by now. They had a good time on V.J.-Day, but Ruby said she's waiting for the real celebration till you come home.

Your wife sends her love. She will be thinking of you on November 4, and remembering three years ago when you were married.

Just as we were leaving, she called us back and asked us to send you her birthday wishes in case the card she is sending arrives too late.

"Tell him to keep smiling," she added, "and that we are praying for the day when he will come home for good."

Ruby tells us that baby is the image of you, and she's longing for you to come home to see her.

Big sister Patricia had gone for a walk with your mother—who is very well, by the way.

Your family were very upset to hear about your accident, and hope that your hand is getting

Fishing—Sto. Reg. Wray

YORKSHIRE was calling your wife, Sto. (1st Class) Reg. Wray, when we visited her at 38, Gladstone-road, Portslade, Sussex. She told us that within a week she was going North to visit the Old Folks at your home. They write to Portslade regularly and are still keeping as fit as you would wish.

This goes also for Mrs. Wray's own family. Dad, Mum and Cousin Gladys send you their kind regards and very best wishes. Gladys says she's been practising and now hopes to beat you in a game of darts, so maybe you had better polish up your own play.

Dad is still fishing in Shoreham, but he told us that since your wife has been going with him he has not caught anything!

Nevertheless, if your wife doesn't bring in a good catch of fish, she compensates for it with her special home-made bread. Bet that is something you are looking forward to with relish.

Your wife's mother's contribution to the conversation was the assurance that she will see you have some of that special draught stout you like best ready and waiting for you; and a goodly portion of some of Dad's chickens will no doubt help to provide the solid eats.

Maybe, though, that remark



ter Maureen.

Both of them and Fred wish you all the best and hope you will be back "to have some fun" soon. You probably know what that means, but to Maureen it will mean some more rides on your back!

The last cryptic message comes to you from Blanche, who says "How about 'The Bells are ringing, Reg?' Well, how about it, sailor."

Anyway, however you interpret all these peculiar messages from Portslade, the one which brings all the very best from home can have only one interpretation.

With your wife's special good wishes comes a request from her that you should not let your cigarettes burn away all the letters you write.

So bear that in mind, and Good Hunting all the time, Reg.

FLOORED FOR TWO, FARR RISES VICTOR

AFTER his victory over Tommy Loughran, at the Albert Hall, Tommy Farr felt he was on the up-and-up. He had reason to feel that way, for he had already laid a few reputations low before he reached Loughran.

Still, after the fight, Farr said, "I now want to meet Neusel, and Petersen and Harvey—any or all of them."

BUT he had something to do before these days came. He had done much already. In August, 1934, he had beaten Charlie Belanger, the Canadian light-heavyweight. He had fought and lost to Eddie Phillips, the light-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, in February, 1935. He had drawn with Frank Moody, former cruiser-weight champion, in August, 1935.

In March, 1936, he won an easy points victory over Peter Van Gool, the Dutch heavy-weight champion, in a twelve-round bout at Swansea.

Two months later—in May, 1936—he faced Jim Wilde, of Swansea, to solve which of them was the likeliest challenger for the British and Empire heavy-weight boxing championship. It was held by Jack Petersen.

The match was held at the Vetch Field, Swansea. It ended in a draw. It must be confessed that it was a disappointment, scientifically, although it made up for this in steady battling.

They met again in September of the same year, and Farr clinched matters by knocking out Wilde in the seventh round. Tommy Farr was now heavy-weight champion of Wales.

But that fight was nothing in excitement to the battle which Farr pushed to victory a month earlier against Bob Olin, the American, who was once the light-heavyweight champion of the world. Now that was a spectacle that gave the crowd all the thrills it wanted, or needed.

It was in the Albert Hall again. Fashionable people came in crowds to see the battle. Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, formerly Lady Ashley, were close to the ringside, and beside them were others of youth and beauty in Society.

I often wonder what Tommy Farr thought as he faced Olin in the ring that night, for Olin was the second man to hold the title whom Farr had faced. And he had beaten the other one—Tommy Loughran!

There was no make-believe about this fight. The moment the gong went both men were moving in quick strides towards the centre of the ring. Out flashed both men's fists, booking and swinging to the head—and both men were out of distance.

But that was only the preliminary. There was Olin dancing around on his toes, feeling his way and teasing his man. And there was Tommy Farr, not

dancing, but watching grimly, dourly, menacingly, for the time to stop that dancing.

He did it, too. He landed a straight left flush into Olin's face, and followed it up with several rattling blows on the ribs. Olin replied with a left and a right to the body; but there was surprise in the blows, not real hammers. So Olin danced no more just then.

He tried new tactics, weaving his way, and then landed one above Farr's right eye, which cut the skin open. The blood surged up, but Farr broke in with an attack that made Olin retreat until he was up against the ropes, where he fought back; but it was a near thing.

Olin was certainly the faster. He may have had more ringcraft; he may have had a more engaging balance on those agile feet of his, but beauty of footwork does not always stand up to sheer doggedness.

When Olin leaped forward at the beginning of the third round he swung a left hook that might have done damage. Tommy Farr felt only the wind of the swing. In an instant he was forward and had delivered two whacking thrusts at the body. Olin had to count these on the debit side of his ledger.

It was then that Farr began to use his left better than he had done in the opening rounds. He was constantly delivering the one-two. First flush on the face, then second on the ribs. The one-tvos came like the beat of a clock. Olin was not so sure



Farr took all the punches and came back to fight when he met and defeated American Bob Olin.

Olin felt the damage of these and other hits, whereas Farr took everything that was coming and still waded in ruthlessly. He was out to fight, and fight he did.

Nobody answered. He sat there, hairy-chested, poker-faced, almost pathetically. His manager, Paul Damski, presented also a shocked astonishment, and went straight to lodge a protest to the British Boxing Board of Control.

Then Bob Olin began to sob. In Farr's dressing-room the scene was quite the opposite—all joy and jubilation. Already there were some of his supporters who talked of Tommy meeting Petersen, and then having a slap for the world's title, and they believed he would win that, too.

Well, they were entitled to their wishes. But it was a curious fact that in this fight with Bob Olin it was the victor who had been floored, even if it was only for a count of two. How was it then that Farr won?

The answer is simple. Olin may have been cleverer in some of the finer bits of boxing, Farr had little guard for some of the punches that hit him; but, on the other hand, Farr took all of the punches, and accepted all the left hooks, that ever could have been delivered between London and New York, and still came on to fight.

That battle was staged in April, 1936. By August of the same year Tommy Farr had bought a house at Slough, and there he took his young brother and sister—to look after them. He was keeping his promises.

And meantime he was thinking of bigger game.

(Next: The Foord Fight.)

LARRY MARKS

"Good Morning" ace sports writer
continues his graphic story of how fame
—and fortune—came to

Tom Farr.

of himself now. He was looking less jaunty than when he started.

When he got in half-arm exchanges the American was more at his ease, but he had a strange habit of dropping his head as he punched, and that was Farr's chance. He took the chance more than once, and smack went uppercuts that jerked Olin's head backwards.

The difference between the two fighters was mainly that

It was only in 'fin-fighting that Olin scored. His knowledge was greater than that of Farr in this type of battle, but at long range Farr picked his chances and let drive with all his strength.

Indeed, he drove on one occasion too hurriedly. He missed his man by a fraction of an inch, and the force of the swing left him open. Olin landed him a slash on the mouth that dropped the Welshman for a count of two. But only two.

He rose slowly, recovering, and had Olin been ready he might have done all that was necessary for his triumph. But he was too tired—or looked too tired—to take advantage of the situation. He stood off. And there was nothing much to record for the final round, the tenth.

But there was a lot after to talk about. When the referee stepped forward and raised Tommy Farr's hand, the most surprised man in the hall seemed to be Bob Olin. He was leaning on the ropes, staring at the spectators when Farr's arm went up, and when Tommy came over, shouting with happiness, to shake hands with him. Bob Olin assumed an expression of dazed incredulity.

He just couldn't believe that he hadn't won. He went to his dressing-room in the same stage of bewilderment, and there he found tongue.

"Lord," he cried, "do you have to kill a man in this country before you get what's due to you?"



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is:
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London,
S.W.1.

The Curse of the Flying Dutchman

"BRIG ahoy!" roared the skipper. "Brig ahoy!" There was no answer; just that whitish ship sailing through the head seas as if she were entering port.

I heard the skipper hail her again. Still there was no reply; and she slowly fell abeam and disappeared.

From the fo'c'sle we heard the bosun give a cry that sent a shiver through us:

"The Flying Dutchman!" "It's only the Mary," said the skipper quietly. "She's cutting in to round the Horn in front of us; we'll win the race yet."

But I saw that he shivered as he spoke. His face had gone white, like the face of a ghost, and he looked suddenly very old and worn.

And then I remembered that to hail old Vanderdecken is to hail one's death-doom.

"It couldn't have been the

Dutchman," he said, bending forward and looking into my face through the spume and spray. "That's an old man's tale!" I shook my head. Had I not heard the story from men who had watched the ghost-ship fetch the Cape of Good Hope and also the Horn and try to round it?

I know better than to deny how, up and down the south seas the Dutchman sails, with Vanderdecken at her wheel, unable to round the Cape because he swore he'd try till Doomsday rather than go through the Straits, and so he has sailed for nigh a century, always beating up and down the seas, up and down, because of his oath.

It is his doom to beat up and down for ever.

Thus the ghost-ship passed us, and on her heels came the snow.

We braced ourselves to meet it as it came—a white Hell.

With it came sleet and wind—wind that made us turn our backs to it. It took our breath away.

The brig lay over on her side, pinned down at their posts.

as if she was tired of the struggle and wanted to give it up; but we hauled her back to the fight, and through the roar of the wind came the noise of the mate banging on the hatch and yelling for all hands to go into the tops.

Part 2 of the Breath of the Horn

The whole forward part of the brig was in a smother of foam.

She was racing like an express train, charging the walls of dark sea and climbing wearily over them, then rushing down into

trough; and from the place where the horizon should have been

came the moaning of the wind—the breath of the Horn coming up to challenge us sailormen.

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What can flesh and blood do with sails that are as stiff as sheet-iron and reef knots that are frozen hard as steel wire?

The crew beat their hands on the stiff sails to bring back the blood to their fingers and keep them from freezing, too.

Bitter cold! Aye, bitter as the Horn itself; and this was the first breath of it!

We drove on all night, dragging what we could not carry.

When dawn came, grey and biting, the decks were covered with snow, and it was still driving on us.

Day and night the seas pounded us. We ate hard tack, with a mouthful or two of rum.

Our clothes froze on us. Our hands were raw and bleeding. Cold and wet we were for days and nights together.

Every time I came on deck to take my trick the young skipper was standing on the quarter-deck, holding on, stiff and erect, and looking aloft and aloft.

We drove through wet and cold into more wet and more cold. The yards froze—earrings, reef points and bands.

Men who tried to handle the sheets came down with skin and flesh torn from their fingers and the white bone showing.

Bells were struck, watches set, the wheel relieved, with monotonous regularity.

Only once did a man try to start a chantey. I was on deck at the time, and he was coiling some tack in the waist.

Once a Dutchman sailed the seas

And cast a spell on mariners—

But the song died away on his lips, for the crew raised a shout of anger and protest, saying that we had crossed our luck already and wanted no more evil.

The skipper heard their growls beyond the bergs, right up to the and he scowled; but he knew horizon, lay what sailormen dread what they meant and he was silent. most—icefields!

The curse of Vanderdecken was Not a man spoke as we looked on him by all the laws of the old at this new enemy.

Not a sound came from the young skipper, who stood beside the wheel. We just looked at it, sullenly, dully, without emotion.

We knew then that we had reached the latitude of the Horn. It's breath came upon us in the shape of fog, and its voice came to us in the moaning from the rim of the heaving ocean.

The wind fell and we drifted for days.

Once or twice a copper ball showed where the sun ought to have been.

We kept two men in the bows and two at the masthead. We bumped now and then, our yards scraping the ice. We drifted past the bergs into the icefield.

Across it we floated into darker, deeper seas. It was a Horn calm we were in—a calm like no other in all the world.

Calm above it was, but the ocean

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Laugh with Jack Monk



"Last night I dreamt I was married to the most sumptuous, smashing, slinking, and sweetest girl in the world!"

"And were we happy?"



"Now play that Bach number you wrote the other day, Charlie."

LITTLE BABY HARE

TRUE, the stalks were getting thin, and quite a lot of daylight now penetrated through. All the other cornfields stood in stook rows before ever the beans were started on.

And there the field stood—a dark, ugly blotch amongst fields of yellow and green—when the binder drew through the gateway.

Hares rightly deserve the reputation of being "mad," and most of these dozen hares which fell to the guns might easily have got away with it had they kept going instead of turning back.

Every time the binder rattled up along-side, a hare would pop out on the opposite side—and pop back in again. Some few ventured across to the hedge and escaped.

Mostly they became so bewildered by the changed outlook that they either hurried back to the rapidly diminishing cover of standing beans, or crouched under a fallen sheaf, hoping for the best.

So the binder came to the last, long narrow strip. It paused a minute or two while the stookers "walked" the strip to drive out the rest of the timid hares.

They had crept farther and farther into their shady retreat, instead of making a bolt for it whilst the hedge-sides were within possible reach.

When the keeper and the "guns" carried off the remains of the afternoon's "sport," the stookers returned to their stooking, and Bill packed up his binder and went home.

Jesse stooped down as though to pick up a sheaf, and said: "Poor little beggar. I'm afraid it's been a upset sort o' day in your family!"

He had found a tiny baby hare, no bigger than a kitten. Amid all the noise of slaughter it had crouched there, unnoticed and unhurt.

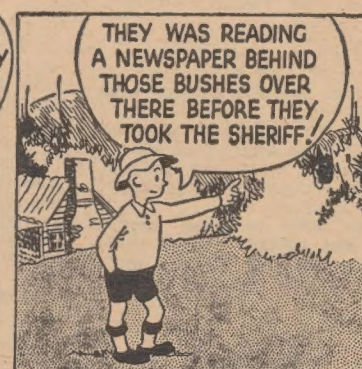
So low it crouched, with its silky ears laid close to its back, and only its big baby eyes wide open in wonder to say that it was alive. So close amongst a tuft of smallweed it crouched that the clattering reaper-knife had shorn off the weed, and left its silky fur untouched.

"Belike you're an orphan, little 'un!" said Jesse, and slipped it carefully into his smock pocket.

It was going to join the sanatorium in his garden shed.

F. Kitchen

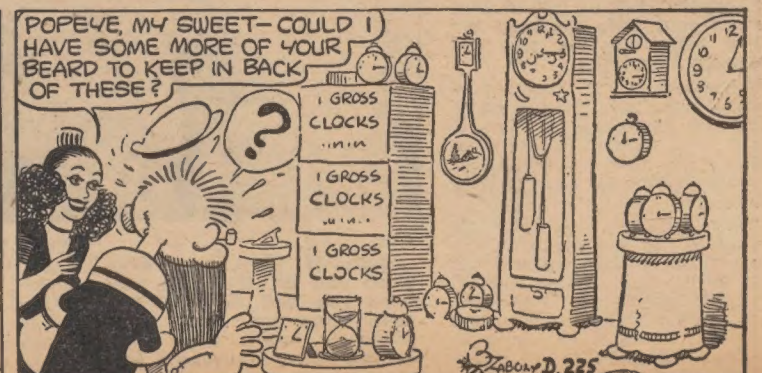
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 705

1. Behead a rod and get a handle.
2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: oliceresecteole'sersonalroerty.
3. What State in U.S.A. can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: **Everybody** — that you should — the axles of all carts and barrows.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 704

1. T-RICE.
2. Baby bears become big beasts.
3. MALAY (or MALAYA).
4. Getaway, gateway.

JANE

BREATH OF THE HORN

(Continued from Page 2)

that swills round the Horn has the devil in it and runs high though there is not a puff of wind.

Great seas swinging from east to west made the ship roll like doom. Yards and hanging rigging swayed to and fro, metal clanged against metal, wood boomed against wood, helm and steering gear were useless in the mighty rolling swells.

We had to steady the booms with guys and braces, or the masts would have broken loose. Dark seas and silence when it was not snowing; fog and ice-cold made days and nights alike; and all the time there came the grey whine of the mysterious waters from the dismal gloom.

The decks were white and slip-perry. The air was wet and cold as a seaman's grave.

Save for the whimper of the sea, and the silence of the tomb lay heavily over all. And sea-weariness worse than death was on every mother's son of us.

We lost count of time and days—all of us except the skipper, who entered his log with "ditto," "ditto," "ditto." Was this a way to round the Horn?

I stood at the wheel, fingering the spokes lightly and watching the water swirl across the deck.

The brig was rolling till her scuppers were awash; rolling as in a cradle.

The young skipper was standing nearby. Our oilskins glistened and shone in the strange, ghostly glare of the fog. Our faces were dull and grey.

A rift in the mist brought a new cry along the deck from the bows. There was a strained accent in the news.

"Land ho!"

The skipper shifted uneasily, and raised his face in the dripping mist.

He looked at me curiously, without emotion.

"Land ho!" came the cry again. "Land on the port beam!"

The fog split with a sudden cleavage and showed us a ruggedness edging away into the mist.

"The Horn!" I cried, pointing across the swelling, deep sea.

"The Horn!"

Up rose the fog and showed it to us clearer. The crew tumbled up and stood gaping at the sullen, desolate shore—bleak and forbidding.

We shivered as we looked. That was our foe—pitiless and cold; bitter cold.

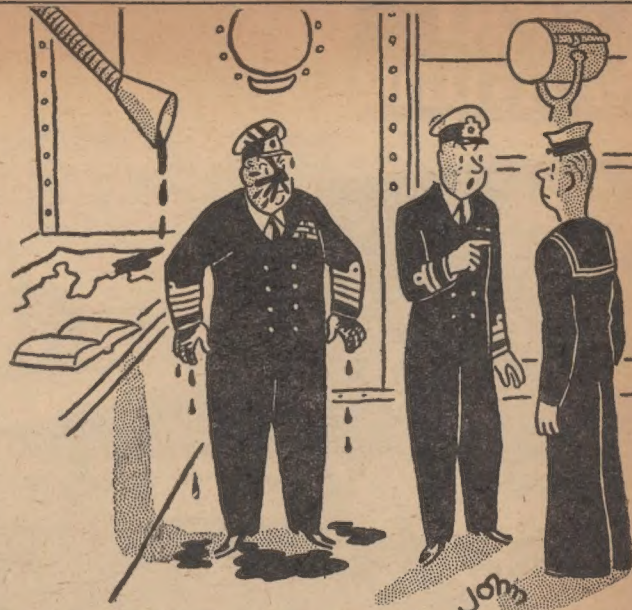
Again the lookout called—this time in the sing-song of the sea: "Sail ho! Sail dead ahead!"

The skipper turned suddenly. "Where away?"

"Dead ahead, sir," came the answer, caught up and repeated by the crew. "A derelict!"

There she was. We could see her through the glasses plainly.

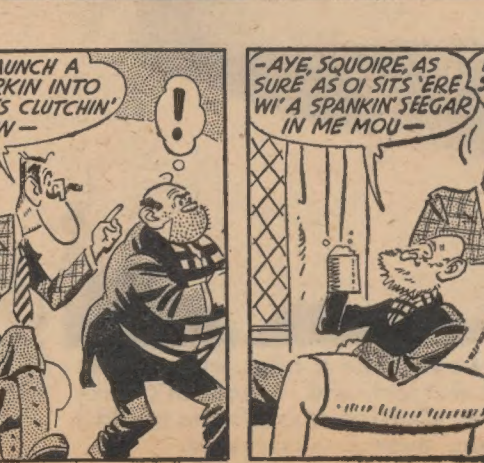
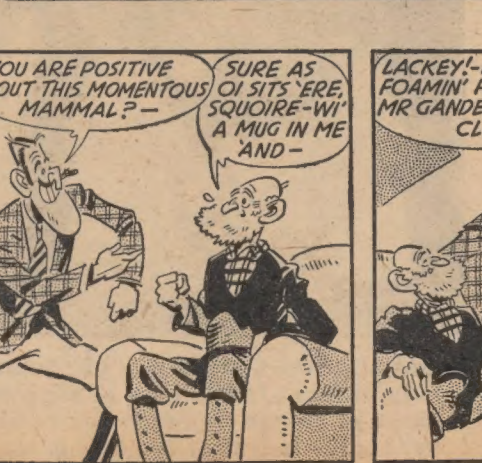
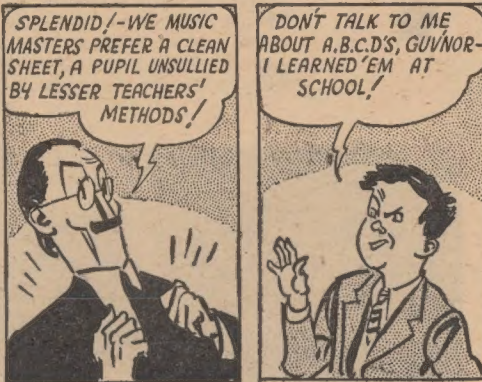
(To be continued.)



"Form a search party at once, and find the man who tipped paint down the inter-com!"



RUGGLES



Patch, the Pup

PATCH is one of the fussily important kind. He thinks himself "no end of a fellow," and rushes in at breakneck pace, without pausing to consider the wisdom or folly of his actions.

For a small dog, there's too much of him, and he has a conceited notion that he owns the universe, and with an extra spurt—may be able to be in several parts of it at once.

In his favour, it might be said, as of Nimrod of old, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." If he confined his hunting to rats, there would be nothing but applause for his prowess.

But Patch has an idea that rooks and starlings are fair game, and spends quite a lot of energy trying to clear the fields of them. He never will learn the futility of it all.

As for cats—he often gets a "show-down" with Topsy. Yet so great is his conceit that he gives chase on every occasion in the foolish hope that she will one day "turn tail" and run.

It's hardly safe, seated on a sheaf at meal-times, to place one's cup or mug on the ground.

At any moment that terrible dog may make a dash over the "table" in pursuit of a flock of birds. There's just no decency about him in any way.

F. KITCHEN.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CROSSES
FLUX KNIT
BOOM MIDGET
RAY PAT HER
ELEMENTS MO
V DUN LAD W
IF DELEGATE
ELM LES NIL
REASON BINS
WRAP POET
SPECIAL

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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Feign. 5 Effected. 10 Rightly deducible. 11 Rule. 12 English river. 13 Ahead. 15 Start. 17 Trophy. 18 Drinking vessel. 20 Lamb. 22 Black. 24 Flat string. 26 Image. 28 Reckless one. 31 Girl's name. 33 Hurry. 34 Fruit. 36 Slanting. 38 Kindled. 39 Generally felt to be. 40 Wood. 41 Adversary.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Flat piece. 2 Hung around. 3 Eager. 4 Note of music. 5 Vehicle. 6 Boy's name. 7 Slant. 8 Corn spike. 9 Lived. 14 Chafed. 16 Fruit. 19 Draughts. 21 Benefit. 22 Mixed sound. 23 Fruit. 25 Appetite. 27 Drink. 29 Re-buke. 30 Trivial. 32 Company. 35 Bone. 37 Number.

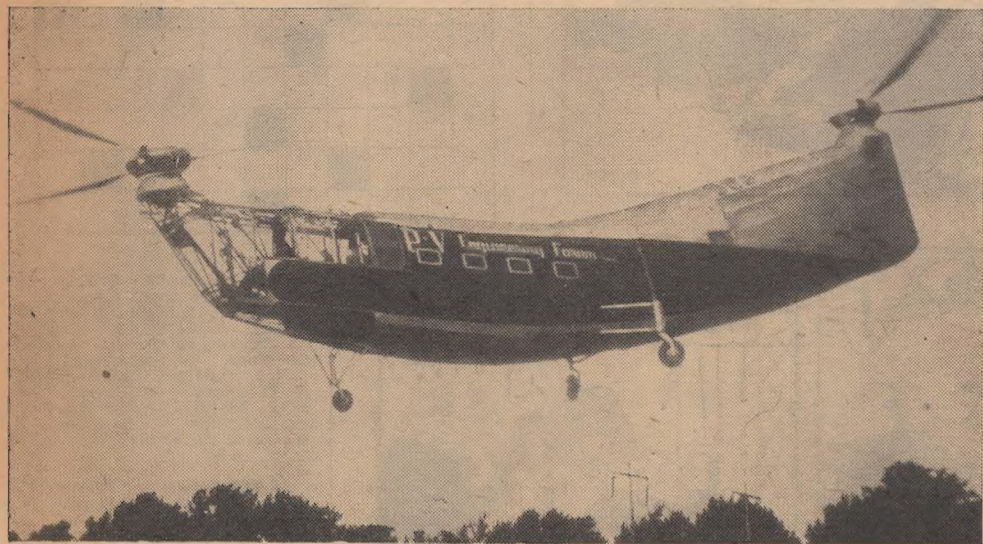
Good Morning



Wide streets, lots of garden, pleasant roomy houses, and what's more every mod' con'. That's what this new housing estate means to the Londoners who have moved in there. It's good news to know that something is being done at home to shelter the families of our fighting men, and provide a home for the lads to come home to.



Rub a dub dub—
Sweet girl in a tub—
Hey butcher!—
Hey baker!—
Hey candle—Oh! fiddlesticks, stop Margie Stewart throwing up the sponge, and give her a hand somebody.



It might be coming, it might be going. Looks like a boat with screws gone haywire, then again the hull's a bit warped, and it wouldn't have wheels—except for subterranean road work. Caption says it's the world's largest helicopter on a test flight over Pennsylvania.



Here's a little gal that didn't stand tiptoe and scream when Mickey the Mouse happened to be in the cornfield. She didn't even clutch at her dress just in case he did a climbing act. Anyway she hadn't one on. Don't get us wrong boys—she wears corduroy trousers on the farm. She keeps him in her pocket now, which of course is a safe place, because she does know where he is.



One slip on—t'other slip off, what do you make of this boys. Maybe the lady in front is thinking of slipping in for a bathe, and the other—by the looks of things—is ready for to slip away somewhere for a cup of char. Whatever it is they are doing, we wouldn't mind stepping into the party.